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WOLVERINE® ORIGINS

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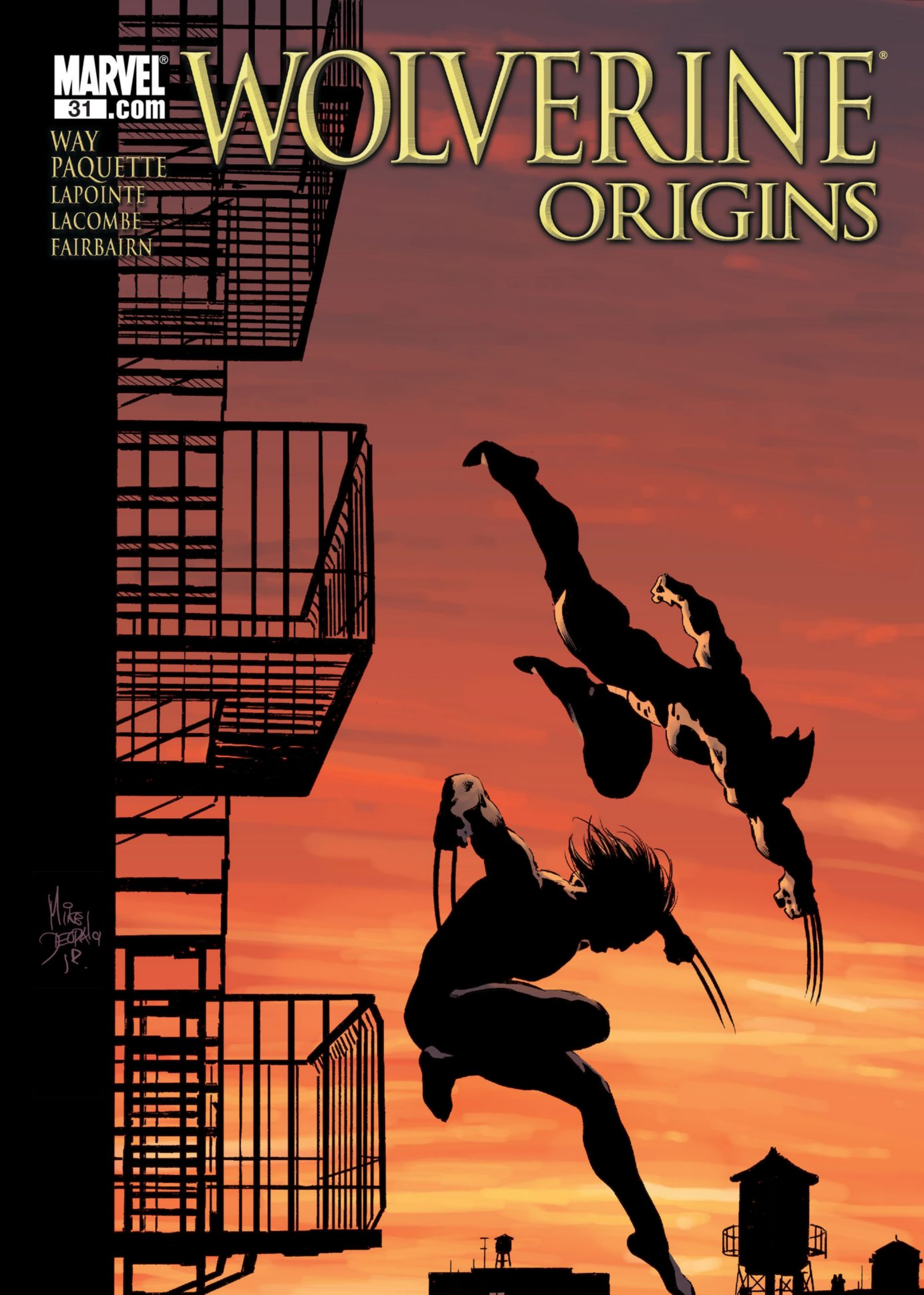

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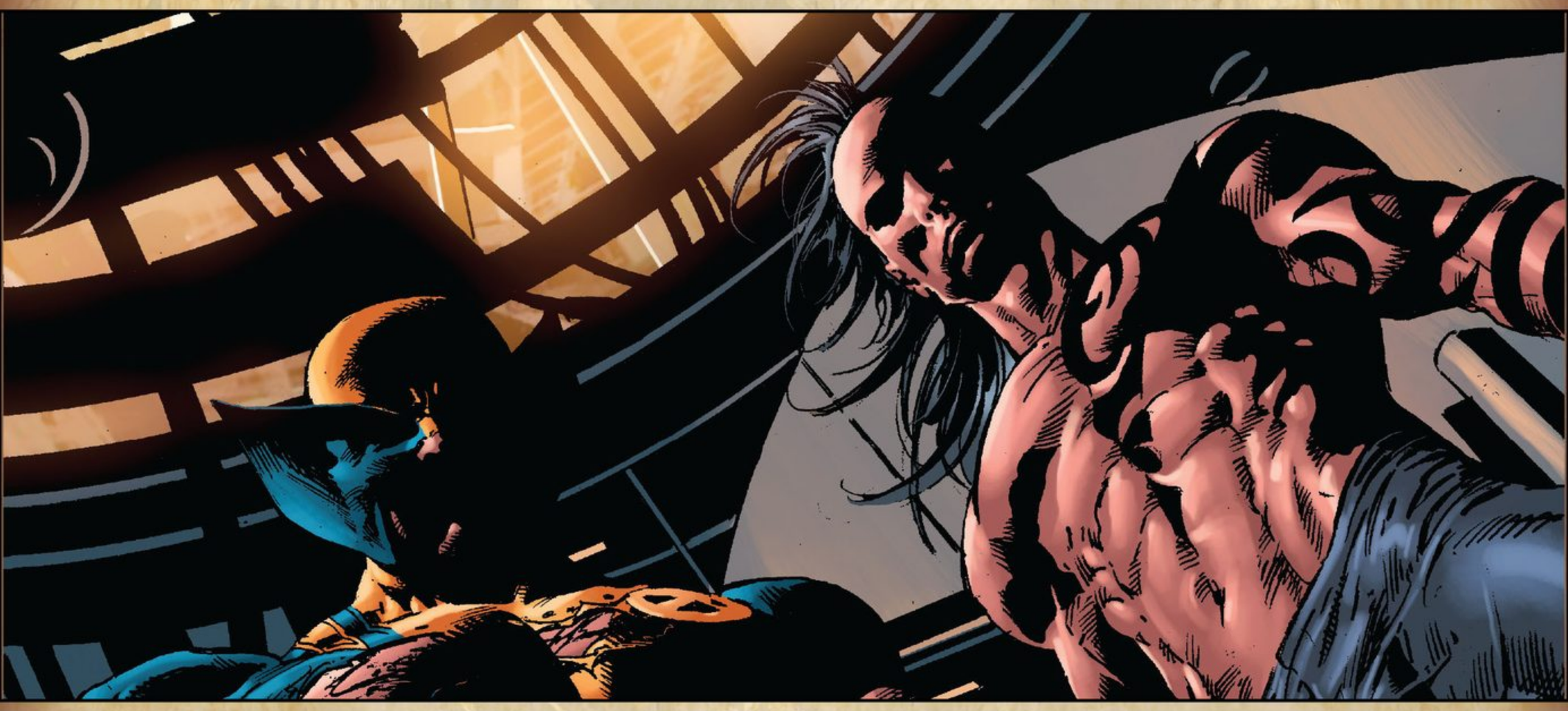
WOLVERINE
ORIGINS

The mutant Wolverine has spent a century fighting those who would manipulate him for his unique powers—razor-sharp claws, heightened senses, and a healing factor capable of miracles. After repeated brainwashing, torture, and reprogramming, Wolverine's past was as much a mystery to him as to anyone. With those long-lost memories returned to him, Wolverine has set out on a mission to punish the conspirators who have wronged him.



Wolverine has finally found his long-lost son, Daken, and just like his father, Daken is vicious, ruthless and virtually unstoppable. Until very recently, Daken wrongfully blamed Logan for the death of his birth-mother, but thanks to Logan's efforts and the intervention of Professor X, this is no longer the case. Daken's misunderstanding of those past events is directly due to the influence of a dark and mysterious figure known only as Romulus. Now Logan and Daken have set off on a quest for revenge...and they will let nothing stand in their way...

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I GUESS *EVERY* FATHER HOPES THAT HIS SON TURNS OUT, IN SOME WAY, LIKE *HIMSELF*. IN *MY* CASE... WELL, I GOT MORE THAN I EVER COULD'VE HOPED FOR-- MY SON'S *JUST LIKE ME.*

WE BOTH GOT A *MUTANT HEALING FACTOR,* CAPABLE O' BRINGIN' US BACK EVEN FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.

WE BOTH GOT *HEIGHTENED SENSES,* ALLOWIN' US TO HEAR AN' SMELL THINGS THAT OTHERS CAN'T.

WE WERE BOTH *BORN* ARMED...

...AN' WE'VE BOTH BEEN TRAINED TO KILL SINCE PRETTY MUCH THE FIRST MOMENT WE BREATHED AIR.

AN' SOMETHIN' *ELSE* WE GOT IN COMMON, *TOO.*

BOTH OF US, WITH EVERY BIT OF OUR BLACK HEARTS, WANNA SEE ROMULUS LAID OUT DEAD BEFORE US, *HIS* BLOOD ON *OUR* HANDS.

LET'S GET TO WORK.

FAMILY BUSINESS PART 1

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY; SEVERAL YEARS AGO:

DAKEN HAS SPENT ALMOST HIS ENTIRE LIFE AS ROMULUS' FAVORED ATTACK DOG--*MY* OLD JOB.

BUT WHEREAS I WAS ALWAYS KEPT AT A *DISTANCE*...

--HAD TO GET *NEW SHOES*.

...DAKEN WAS BROUGHT DIRECTLY INTO THE FOLD.

THE ONES I WAS WEARING WERE SOAKED THROUGH WITH BLOOD.

SEBASTIAN SHAW'S SOUTH PACIFIC VILLA; FIVE DAYS AGO:

IF ANYBODY WOULD KNOW HOW TO *FIND* ROMULUS, IT'S *HIM*.

FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF BLOOD.

THE MORE VIOLENT THE CONFLICT, *THE MORE SENSELESS THE SLAUGHTER*, THE MORE LIKELY WE ARE TO FIND HIM.

WHICH IS WHY WE'RE HERE.

RUJUKA, HALWAN; NORTHERN AFRICA:

HERE, YESTERDAY MORNIN', LEADERS OF THE ***D'WALI TRIBE*** WERE S'POSED TO MEET WITH REPRESENTATIVES O' THE ***JONO*** TRIBE--***THEIR ANCESTRAL ENEMIES.*** AFTER GENERATIONS O' BLOODSHED, THE TWO TRIBES WERE FINALLY COMIN' TO THE TABLE TO WORK OUT A ***PEACE AGREEMENT.***

IT'S UNCLEAR WHETHER OR NOT THE JONO EVER SHOWED UP...

...SEEIN' AS HOW JONO AN' D'WALI TEETH AN' BONES LOOK PRETTY MUCH THE SAME.

SINCE NOBODY IMMEDIATELY CLAIMED ***RESPONSIBILITY***, BOTH SIDES FIGURED THE OTHER HAD BETRAYED THEM.

YESTERDAY MORNIN', AFTER LIFETIMES O' WAR, THE PEOPLE O' THIS LAND WERE READY TO LAY DOWN THEIR WEAPONS AN' LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE. ***TODAY...***

PAKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK-AKK!

WE GOTTA GET OUTTA THE OPEN. THIS PLACE IS--

AAIYEEE--!

THAT'S... A ***KID!***

DAKEN, DON'T--!

LOOK, DADDY...

...I'VE MADE A FRIEND.

LETTIN' ME KNOW-- *AS IF I DIDN'T ALREADY*-- THAT WE *AIN'T* FRIENDS...AN' WE NEVER *WILL* BE. FAR AS *HE'S* CONCERNED, ONLY THING *WE* GOT IN COMMON IS A *GOAL*, AN' HE'S WILLIN' TO DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO *ACHIEVE* IT.

EVEN IF THAT MEANS SPENDIN' TIME WITH THE *OLD MAN.*

NEITHER O' US SPEAK THE LANGUAGE, BUT USIN' A MIX O' *PIDGIN* AN' *HAND SIGNS* WE FIND OUT WHAT WE NEED TO KNOW: *SOMEBODY'S BEEN HERE.*

NO D'WALI, NO D'WALI.

NO *JONO.*

SOMEBODY *NOT* LIKE *THEM.*

SOMEBODY LIKE *US.*

OH, LOOK...

...YOU MADE A FRIEND.

FATHER AND SON, TOGETHER AT LAST--*WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT?* DEFINITELY NOT *ME*...

WAIT.

WIND JUST SHIFTED...

SNFF

...AN' THE *ACE* JUST CAME OUTTA CYBER'S SLEEVE.

I MADE SOME FRIENDS, *TOO.*

DON'T EVER--!

TAKE YOUR FATHER'S ADVICE, BOY.

YOU MAY CARE EVEN LESS THAN I DO ABOUT THE LIVES OF THESE KIDS, BUT I KNOW FOR SURE YOU CARE A HELLUVA LOT ABOUT YOUR OWN HIDE.

COME AT ME, KID...

...AND I'LL SKIN YA ALIVE.

SHNK!

HOW'S THE TICKER, OLD MAN?

WE'LL... TALK ABOUT THAT SOME OTHER TIME, PUP-- RIGHT NOW, I THINK WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT THE BUSINESS AT HAND.

WE'RE ALL LOOKIN' FOR THE SAME GUY, FOR BASICALLY THE SAME REASON--WE WANT HIM DEAD.

I PROPOSE WE WORK TOGETHER.

YER FULL'A $#%@, CYBER--YOU *WILLINGLY* WORKED FOR ROMULUS...HE NEVER USED YOU LIKE HE USED *US!*

YOU'RE RIGHT.

"BUT WHAT HE *DID* DO WAS HAVE ME *EATEN ALIVE BY MUTANT DEATHWATCH BEETLES.*"

THAT WASN'T *HIM!* THAT WAS--!

IT'S ALWAYS HIM.

ALRIGHT, THEN--*WHY?*

BECAUSE I DID *THE ONE THING ROMULUS FEARS:*

"I TOLD SOMEONE THAT HE EXISTED.

"AND WORSE? I PROVIDED THEM WITH *PROOF.*"

WHO?

YOUR TURN TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS.

I GOT NOTHIN' TO--

NOT YOU...

...*HIM.*

WHERE WAS THE LAST TIME YOU SAW HIM-- AND *WHEN?*

WHY WOULD I TELL *YOU* THAT?

WHY WOULD YOU *NOT* TELL ME?

WE'RE ALL HOLDIN' PIECES OF THE SAME PUZZLE, KID--ALL WE NEED TO DO IS LAY THEM OUT ON THE TABLE.

NO DEAL.

YOU WANNA TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW? FINE BY ME. WANNA KEEP IT TO YOURSELF? I DON'T *GIVE* A $!@#.

WE'RE KILLIN' ROMULUS ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.

GET IN OUR WAY--

AND YOU'LL KILL *ME?*

I ALREADY KILLED YOU.

DUMB MOVE, WOLVERINE--BUT THAT'S NOTHIN' NEW FOR YOU.

YOU NEVER *DID* KNOW WHEN TO *NEGOTIATE.*

STILL DON'T.

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT...

I'LL BE AROUND IN CASE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND.

WITH *YOUR* TRACKING SKILLS, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE A PROBLEM *FINDING* ME.

BUT WITH *MY* TRACKING SKILLS...

...AND WITH JUST A LITTLE INFORMATION FROM YOUR *BOY*...

...WE COULD *ALL* FIND *ROMULUS.*

DRINK?

SUIT YOURSELF.

CYBER--

CAN'T BE TRUSTED.

AND YOU THINK I CAN?

I CAN ONLY HOPE.

IF WE TELL CYBER WHAT WE KNOW, HE'LL DO ONE O' TWO THINGS--HE'LL EITHER *SELL US OUT TO ROMULUS TO CURRY FAVOR* OR HE'LL *USE* THAT INFORMATION TO SOMEHOW *TAKE ROMULUS DOWN...*

...AN' *THEN* TAKE HIS *PLACE.*

THAT BEING SAID, HE *DOES* HAVE *INFORMATION* THAT WE *NEED.*

MM-HMM...

AN' I THINK I KNOW HOW TO *GET* IT.

THAT THING STUCK TO HIS CHEST? I HAD IT PUT THERE*. IT'S MADE OUTTA CARBONADIUM. STUFF'S JUST LIKE WHAT I GOT--

SNIKT!

--BUT IT'S MOLECULARLY UNSTABLE. *IT EATS ITSELF.*

**IN WOLVERINE: ORIGINS #10*

BUT *FIRST*, IT EATS *WHATEVER'S CLOSE-BY.*

CYBER KNOWS HE'S RUNNIN' OUTTA TIME, AN' HE *ALSO* KNOWS THAT THE ONLY THING THAT CAN *SAVE* HIM IS A LITTLE PIECE O' TECH CALLED A *CARBONADIUM SYNTHESIZER.* THERE'S ONLY ONE OF 'EM IN EXISTENCE...

...AN' *I'M* THE ONLY ONE THAT KNOWS THAT IT'S LYIN' IN THE MUD BELOW THE *GERDESIABRUG BRIDGE.*

THAT IS...*QUITE A BARGAINING CHIP.* UNFORTUNATELY, WE HAVE NO BARGAINING *POSITION.*

GOT A PLAN FOR THAT.

THINK YOU'RE GONNA LIKE IT.

"INVOLVES *ME* GETTIN' *SHOT.*

"A *LOT.*"

HMM...

WHAT'S YOUR *PLAY*, LOGAN? YOU AND YOUR BOY READY TO MAKE A DEAL OR *WHAT?*

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...

GET READY.

IF HE DOESN'T SLOW DOWN AT THE GATE...

...WE'RE GONNA HIT HIM WITH *EVERYTHING* WE'VE GOT.

HE NOT STOPPING, BOSS--!

FIRE!

BRAKKA! BRAKKA! BRAKKA!

BRAKKA! BRAKKA! BRAKKA! BRAKKA! BRAKKA! BRAKKA! BRAKKA! BRAKKA!

HURRAAAYYY!

DON'T CELEBRATE JUST YET--RELOAD AND VERIFY THE BODIES.

IF EITHER OF THEM SO MUCH AS TWITCHES, OPEN FIRE.

FWUMPP!

REPORT, DAMMIT! ARE THEY DEAD?

ONE DEAD, BOSS.

JUST ONE.

GOTCHA.

UNGH...

...WE'RE IN?

VERY MUCH SO.

CYBER?

HOPE IT DOESN'T BOTHER YOU, ME *SAYIN'* THIS, BUT...

...HELL, *I'M IMPRESSED.*

ONE QUESTION-- ANSWER IT AN' I'LL TELL YA WHERE TO FIND THE *C-SYNTH.*

DON'T ANSWER...

...AN' I'LL BURY YA IN A HOLE SO DEEP THAT THE *CARBONADIUM* I STUCK TO YA WILL EAT YA *ALIVE* BEFORE YA CAN DIG YER WAY OUT.

AND THE *QUESTION* IS...?

FIRST THINGS FIRST.

WROKK!

THAT'S FOR *JANET.*

HEH...

WAS WORTH IT...

...JUST TO SEE THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE.

YOU *SICK SON OF A--*

"NOT *THEN*, LOGAN..."

...NOW.

SLK!

SORRY, "DAD"...

...BUT I THINK I LIKE CYBER'S PLAN BETTER.

TO BE CONTINUED...